

AWAY in the distance piped the buglers, heralds of the carnival parade, and the sweet, clear notes of melody ringing out in the frosty air stirred excitement in the hearts of the twins—Cherry and Bieco. Folks from all over the city were gathering in the square, watching eagerly for the gay floats and the masquerading skaters. Only the night before the masqueraders had painted a pretty picture in the city rink, where all the people who could crowd the galleries had watched the splash of color and beauty whirl over the gleaming, silvery ice.

"Bieco, we will have just time enough to run into the market for the butter before the parade reaches the square," said Cherry.

"And so we will," agreed Bieco. "I 'most forgot mother's butter, I was so excited inside. Won't Snow Queen and the Bluebirds o' Happiness be darlings riding in a really, truly sleigh with a white horse and jingling bells?"

"I'd like to be tucked in with Snow Queen just to have the fun of riding in a sleigh," laughed Cherry. "Dad tells how, when he was a boy, he used to ride to church and market and everywhere winter days in a sleigh. But now the farmers come to market in their motor trucks even days when the snow covers the ground."

"I'd like to have been a girl, when Dad was a boy," sighed Bieco. "You can ride in motor cars all summer. Let us buy the butter this morning, same as we did last Saturday morning, from Lame Mollie."

They had learned to call her Lame Mollie—the girl, who wasn't such a very great deal bigger and taller than Cherry and Bieco, because she had not grown many inches since the day of the accident. But, like a little lame crow, she hopped on her crutch around the market stall Saturday mornings and sold the butter and eggs, honey and buttermilk, that her father brought along with his chickens and vege-



## Behind the Market Stall

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

tables from the farm in the country.

"Please, we want two pounds of your nice butter," said Cherry, as they approached the market stall, where Lame Mollie was unpacking jars of golden honey.

"We're in a hurry, too, this morning, for we are going up street to see the carnival parade—"

"Oh, the carnival—it will be very wonderful I know. Last night I dreamed about the parade—Snow Queen and the Bluebirds o' Happiness," exclaimed Lame Mollie, her eyes wistful with longing.

"Yes, we saw Snow Queen and the Bluebirds o' Happiness last night at the rink, and they were the prettiest ever," said Cherry.

"I would love to see the carnival, but you see I never can skate, so 'tisn't likely I'll ever get to the rink," sighed Lame Mollie as she wrapped the butter in wax paper.

"Couldn't you run out now this very morning and see the parade?" suggested Bieco. "The square isn't but six blocks

away, and most everybody is watching the carnival floats from there."

"No, I couldn't leave the market stall on a Saturday morning. It is our best time for selling, and there are folks who come regularly to get their butter and honey and eggs from this stall," explained Lame Mollie. "You see, since the accident I can't go out in the garden and work like the boys, so the most I can do is to come to the market and help Dad sell the things. We're all working the hardest ever to help Dad pay for the farm, and Saturday mornings is the time I am the biggest help," and the bravest kind of smile brightened Lame Mollie's wistful eyes.

"Oh, but we think you are just splendid, helping your dad like that," exclaimed Cherry, her eyes sparkling.

But as they ran out through the big, draughty

entrance of the marketplace, Cherry was thoughtful and quiet. She was thinking how she and Bieco were seeing the carnival twice over and Lame Mollie wasn't seeing it even once. Then suddenly she clutched Bieco's arm and gave it a detaining pinch.

"Bieco, do you s'pose if we asked Lame Mollie to let us tend the market stall, while she went over to the square to see the parade, she would go? We are not just as big and old as Lame Mollie, but I know we could sell butter and eggs and honey," suggested Cherry, breathless with her impulse.

"Why, of course we could. We don't need to see Snow Queen or the Bluebirds o' Happiness twice over," returned Bieco, and wheeling on their toes they ran back to Lame Mollie's market stall.

In an excited jumble of words they made their offer to the girl with the crutch, and instantly she understood what they were trying to tell her, and her eyes snapped with sparkling lights. She couldn't quite find the words to answer, so surprised and happy was she; then a big, jolly voice



from the market stall next door responded for Lame Mollie:

"Bless your hearts, but you are fairies for sure, or maybe Bluebirds o' Happiness," declared Lame Mollie's father, laughing down at the blue cloaked and hooded girls with their white fox furs. "Run along, Mollie, and see the parade and let the Bluebirds tend shop for you. They can sell eggs at sixty cents a dozen and butter at fifty cents a pound and honey at forty cents a jar, I know."

"And, please, don't hurry back," begged Bieco, as Lame Mollie wrapped up in her white, woolly coat and hood, and went hopping away from the market stall.

Before Lame Mollie had reached the entrance of the market, there was a customer at the stall asking for eggs and Cherry, all throbby inside with excitement, was counting out two dozen big, brown beauties.

"We've got some of the very nicest, sweetest butter," chirped up Cherry, showing the golden roll to the woman buyer, and although she hadn't ever intended that morning to buy butter at the market, she just couldn't help buying two pounds because the Bluebirds had told her how nice it really was in the roll.

"I am going to polish these glass jars so the golden lights in the honey will show up prettier," declared Bieco, hunting in the market basket for a cloth.

Then more customers came crowding around Lame Mollie's market stall, and Cherry and Bieco, for all the world like bluebirds hopping in a cage, waited on everybody begging for butter and eggs, buttermilk and honey. There was laughter a-plenty, and once Bieco got all tangled up trying to change a crisp new bill for a woman who had bought heaps and heaps of things. And if anybody just tried to pass the market stall without stopping to buy from Lame Mollie's baskets, Cherry gave a joyous, little trill, that brought them in a hurry to see that really the brownest eggs and the sweetest honey were to be found in the corner where the Bluebirds were selling.

"Oh, look, Bieco, the stall is almost empty. Why, we haven't scarcely a thing left to market," Cherry cried out with excitement, and with the very funniest look, part laughter part worry, in their eyes, they stared down at the stall. It was quite the loneliest looking stall in the whole market, with the eggs and the butter, the honey and the buttermilk most all sold. Then, just as the last of the butter went into a customer's market basket, Cherry and Bieco caught a glimpse of Lame Mollie, hopping through the entrance on her crutch. Her eyes were glowing like stars and Cherry declared she looked as darling and as happy as Snow Queen in her little, white woolly cloak and hood.

"Oh, it was so wonderful—the loveliest ever I did see," broke out Lame Mollie;

(Continued on page 77)

## THE BEACON PRESS STORY HOUR

Every Saturday since the first of October, we have had some members of The Beacon Club and their friends come in at ten o'clock and join in our story hour, which is conducted by Miss Maxine McBride, the Associate Editor of *The Beacon*. These weekly meetings have been so successful that we are now sending the following invitation to all our Beacon Club

members. See how interested the members are! They come every Saturday, rain or shine. One little fellow got there at seven o'clock one Saturday morning, and the pleadings of the janitor, his wife and all the rest were of no avail. He was told by his mother not to go in until it was time for the story hour and he obeyed to the letter.



### THE BEACON PRESS BOOKSHOP

At 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Cordially Invites You  
to Attend Its Story Hour

Every Saturday from 10 to 11 A.M.  
Real Stories Very Plentiful

The picture above was taken of the story hour that is held every Saturday at Father Bear's Bookshelf, at the Beacon Press Bookroom. You can see the bookshelves that hold all the newest children's books, even the three white woolly bears which are the mascots of the Bookshelf—and, if you look hard enough, the figures of the Three Bears and Goldilocks themselves, on the mantel!

The story teller tells stories about fairies, and Robin Hood, and Alice in Wonderland, and all the interesting folks who ever lived in Story Land—and even a continued story from the lovely book, "The House on the Edge of Things." Christmas, we had a jolly party with a tree, and stockings, and guess what—we roasted marshmallows around the fire!

If you live anywhere near Boston, or in Boston, we want you to come to the Story Hour very much. Bring your sister, if she likes fairy stories, your brother, if he likes tales of pirates and animals, and yourself—if you like just plain stories! You simply *must* come.

## Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner

### A Velvet Bee

BY MAE NORTON MORRIS

One day a lazy bumblebee  
Who seemed a trifle bold  
Just lit near me—so I might see  
His coat of black and gold.

He looked so soft and silky there,  
Just like a velvet ball,  
It seemed to me—it couldn't be  
That he could sting at all.

And so I gently picked him up  
To toss him on the wing  
When I found out—beyond a doubt  
My velvet ball could sting!

### My Favorite Breakfast Food

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

If I could order breakfast—  
Have the things I like the most,  
I wouldn't ask for oatmeal,  
Or for bacon, eggs and toast.  
I'd skip the prunes or grapefruit,  
And I'd settle down to eat  
Just stacks of crispy pancakes,  
Soaked in maple syrup sweet!

### Bored

BY MARJORIE DILLON

The old tree sighed in every bough  
At the rat-tat-tat on his door.  
"That woodpecker chap is here," said he;  
"Again he's presenting his bill to me—  
Oh, dear! What an awful bore!"



(Continued from page 76)

"and the very kindest man picked me up from the pavement and made me sit in his motor car, and then when the parade had crossed the square, we drove beside it the longest way to the rink. And I loved Snow Queen and the Bluebirds o' Happiness."

Then, catching a glimpse of the empty, empty stall, she cried out with alarm, "what has happened—oh, what has become of all the eggs and the butter and the honey?"

"They are sold. Every blessed thing has been sold," laughed Cherry with a glorious note of triumph.

"I don't know just how I am going to thank you two good fairies for what you have done today," exclaimed Lame Mollie's dad from the chicken and vegetable stall. "But the way you have sold Mollie's stuff means that we are going to start for home early this afternoon. Now today, because the snow is white on the ground, we came to market in the sleigh, and I am wondering if you Bluebirds wouldn't like a sleigh drive this afternoon. So if your mother says you may, just as soon as we run away from the market, Mollie and I will be glad to take you to the country and back for a ride in our sleigh—"

"A sleigh with jingling bells!" broke in Cherry excitedly.

"A sleigh like our Dad used to ride in to market, when he was a little boy?" questioned Bieco.

"Yes, and it is heaps jollier than the motor car, too," laughed Lame Mollie; adding, as the twins slipped away from her market stall, "we'll be riding out to the country most any time after dinner."

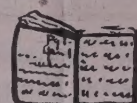
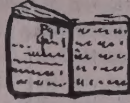
Sunshine was sparkling in a million diamonds on the snow crust early in the February afternoon when the white mare and her jingling, silvery bells pranced out the country road, Cherry and Bieco and Lame Mollie tucked in under the buffalo robes of the old-fashioned sleigh. All swallowed up in his big raccoon coat, Lame Mollie's dad crouched in the front seat, chuckling to the prancing steed; then turning he broke out merrily:

"Looks as if I were running a carnival parade all my own—a Snow Queen and Bluebirds o' Happiness sleigh-riding over the hills o' snow."

"And real Bluebirds o' Happiness they are, Dad, the way they stood behind the market stall and sold the butter and eggs and honey like magic and gave me a chance to see the carnival parade," declared Lame Mollie, giving the twins big hugs, three apiece.

"And we got our dearest wish—to ride in a sleigh with the jingling bells, all tucked in with Snow Queen," laughed Cherry, her eyes dancing with the same pretty lights that played in Bieco's brown eyes.

## GOLDILOCKS' DIARY



JANUARY 1, 1925.

THE BEARS' DEN.

Dear Diary:

Ye Christmas Editor gave me a diary in *The Beacon* for the new year, and every week till my thoughts and pen give out I am going to scribble to you about the happenings in Story-Book Land.

This morning I had a terrible time, Diary dear, with Jack and Jill. Mother Bear sent me with them up the hill to get a pail of water, and Jack fell down and broke his crown (he is the tumbliest boy I ever knew) and Jill and I had to take him to Mother Bear to have him patched up with vinegar and brown paper! This afternoon I went to Mary Quite Contrary's birthday party, and I wore my white lace dress with the little pink rosebuds on it, and pink stockings and a pink hair-ribbon. I couldn't decide what dress to wear first, so I laid out my blue one and

my yellow one—but the blue dress was too plain and the yellow one too fancy, so I decided that the pink one would be "just right!" It's terrible to be afflicted with indecision the way I am! We all played games in Mary Quite Contrary's conservatory where all her flowers grow, with cockle shells and silver bells all in a pretty row, and we had the most fun! What do you s'pose that Contrary Mary had for refreshments? A picnic party lunch with lemonade and sandwiches! She said that even if it was winter time she was going to have a picnic just the same! She is the nicest, con-trar-iest girl.

Mother Bear is calling me to go to bed now, Diary, so I'll have to close till next week!

Yours till Niagara Falls,  
GOLDILOCKS!



## Silver Wings

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN

MILES lay on his back in the shade of the big red beech that every one said was the most beautiful tree in this township, and it seemed like a friend to Miles who had come a long, long journey with his grandfather, to visit their relatives here at the New England farm. Far away at his Ohio Valley home a tree like this stood on the lawn.

It was a hot, hot day, and grandfather had brought an armchair out into the deep, cool shade of the beech, and it was just when Miles was wishing that the gleaming leaves overhead would tell him a story that grandfather began to speak.

"I wasn't much younger than you are now when my father made up his mind to leave this farm where he worked with his father, and go West. It seemed a very great journey in those days, and I can remember how busy the folks were putting aside what they couldn't hope to crowd on to the wagon we were to travel with. I wanted most of all to take my pigeon, 'Silver Wings,' and father promised to find room for her on the load. So I wove a little cage of rushes, and when we drove away I held the cage with Silver Wings in my hands.

"The journey to our new home was very long. Night after night we camped by the roadside. Day after day our wagon rumbled over the uneven, deeply rutted trails that were very muddy after rains

and at other times so dry that the dust rose in choking clouds. We climbed hills and forded rivers and passed through frontier towns, and were very weary of travelling when father decided to stop and make our home under a beautiful red beech tree."

"Is that where our home is now?" asked Miles eagerly.

"Yes. The beech father took a fancy to stands on our lawn. At first under the tree was our home. Mother cooked our meals there, and we slept there on fragrant boughs of fir, and we ate there from a rough plank table. After father finished the log cabin on a little knoll near by the beech, nuts began to fall from the tree and we boys gathered them to add to our winter store of food.

"After we stopped travelling I made a larger cage for Silver Wings to live in, and sometimes I let her hop about with a string tied to her leg. You see, I knew that if she were let free she would circle up in the sky and fly straight away to the old home to which he had been trained to return from shorter distances.

"We were very busy there, getting ready for winter, but you can guess rightly that I often longed to see the dear folks we had left behind. Father had written them a letter but it would be months before they could receive it, and many more months

(Continued on page 78)



## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

### God's Calendar

BY THE EDITOR

**S**OON New Year's Day will be here. We shall change our calendars, and begin to write 1925. Have we thought that it is God who gives us the calendar, the measure of our time? It was written in the sky, in the sun, in the moon, in the seasons that come and go. The human mind had to find out what was written there. That is the way we get all God's messages. For our calendar those messages are all written in light.

The smallest time measure that you and I could notice is from the day with its light to the night set in shadows. It is evening and it is morning—one day, one measure of time. Our star, the earth, makes that measure, turning around first toward and then away from the sun's beams of light.

Then the moon measures another period for us, and we can see just how many days it takes for it to make one journey around our earth. At first we see a thin crescent of light in the west, when the sun has just gone down. It grows wider night after night, until it gets quite on the other side of the earth, in the east when the sun is in the west. Then we see its full front lighted up by the sun's rays. One round of the moon, a little more than

thirty days, makes a moon-th, or month. Twelve of these, while our star-planet goes once around the sun—and we have a year of twelve months—a calendar year.

Can we remember when we see or write 1925, that our earth has swung round the sun that many times since Jesus came to earth a little child? It is really a few more times than that big number, for those who counted the years did not really begin quite far enough back, and Jesus was perhaps born about five years before the year one of that 1925 years. For all that time, and for countless centuries before, God's clock had been going in the skies just as it is today and will be for ages to come.

Shall we begin our New Year knowing it is God's calendar we live by? Then we can think what God would have us do in the year 1925, to make it a happy year for others and so for ourselves. God keeps the calendar, too, for our hearts.

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## Lucille's Amber Beads

BY F. B. CLARK

**"M**OTHER!" said Lucille, "do look at these lovely amber beads which Uncle Jack brought me from Russia. He bought them in a market-place, and they are very old. Who knows? Perhaps they belonged to a Russian princess who is no longer a princess but must work for a living like other folks."

"They are certainly beautiful, dear. Jack, you shouldn't have bought Lucille such a costly present."

"Well, I didn't pay very much for them, but no doubt they were worth a fortune three hundred years ago."

Lucille opened her eyes.

"Three hundred years?"

"Don't you know that amber was considered very precious when Homer wrote the Odyssey? He speaks of a gold necklace hung with bits of amber! a queen's necklace, and the 'bits of amber' were precious as jewels. The Greeks called it 'electrum,' and so did the Romans. Pliny wrote, 'The price of a small figure in it exceeds that of a living healthy slave,' and at one time it took the place of gold, as money."

Lucille looked at the beads with new in-

terest, fingering their satiny polish.

"There's a speck in one of them, Uncle Jack. It looks like a tiny fly."

"It is a fly. Isn't that curious? Probably that fly lived ages ago and got caught in the resin and imprisoned. Poets have sung about such things. Herriek composed a poem 'On a Fly Buried in Amber' and says,

"I saw a flie within a beade  
Of amber clearly buried."

"My! that's wonderful. I'm glad there's a fly in one of my beads, but how did he get there?"

"Because," began Mother, reading from a small book—

"A drop of amber, from a poplar plant,  
Fell unexpected, and embalmed an ant;  
The little insect we so much condemn  
Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem."

"A gem—so is my tiny fly. But, Uncle Jack, how *did* he get into the bead?"

"It was this way. A long time ago, between Germany and Scandinavia, there were huge pine forests. In the passage of

centuries, these trees were covered with water, died and turned into stone. There was a resin or gum of a peculiar kind which oozed from the pines when they stood tall and straight, and flowed down to the roots, where it, too, hardened. Of course, if there were any bees or flies or ants around, they just naturally got caught in the gum, like your fly, Lucille."

"The Baltic is sometimes called the Amber Sea, because it washes up on the shore of North Germany bits of the precious, petrified gum," Mother contributed.

"It isn't all the color of these reddish-brown beads, Lucille. Amber ranges from light straw yellow to deep orange; very beautiful bits have been found in Sicily, almost purple in color."

"I'm glad to know what strange beads these are. Come, little fly in amber that is so very old, let us go and show ourselves to Jane. A Russian princess wore you around her neck once. I wonder where she is now."

"I wonder," said Uncle Jack.

(Continued from page 77)

before we would hope for an answer. I wished I could send them something from my new home. I wished I could tell them what a beautiful red tree we had.

"Then one day while I was picking up beechnuts I had a thought which sent me running to father with a question.

"If I should tie a bag of nuts around Silver Wing's neck would she fly home with them for grandfather to plant and have a beautiful tree like this we had found in the wilderness?"

"I am sure we could tie a nut or two under her wing with a letter," he said.

"That evening mother and he wrote the letter. The next morning I fed Silver Wings sparingly and watered her freely, and took her out of the little rush cage. Father tied his rolled letter containing two nuts under her strong wing, and we watched her circle up and up through the sunny air until she turned and was just a speck flying away under a fleecy cloud that was in the direction of our old home.

"It was springtime before we heard that the carrier pigeon reached her destination safely. It was another year before we heard that my grandfather had planted the two beechnuts and one of them had sprouted. I was a big boy when he wrote that the little sprout was growing to a sturdy tree. When I first came back to visit, the tree was twenty feet high. It's nigh four times that now!"

Miles lay on his back watching the leaves gleam in the deep, cool shade, and they seemed to tell him that boyish thoughtfulness and unselfishness and love had bidden Silver Wings bring the little seed its long, long journey to make so many people glad. And Miles determined to fill his own boyhood with thoughts and words and deeds that would bring gladness to the folks he knew.



## CROSS WORD PUZZLE

X	1	2		3		4	5	X
6			X		X	7		8
9			X		X	10		
11		X	12		13	X	14	
	X	15		X	16		X	
17	18	X	19	20		X	21	
22		23	X		X	24		
25			X		X	26		
X	27							X

## HORIZONTAL

1. Winter sport.
6. Yale man.
7. Part of rowboat.
9. Having been lighted.
10. 6-6 score.
11. Printer's measure.
12. Insect.
14. Preposition.
15. Puzzle made by mixed-up letters.
16. Preposition.
17. Initials of famous American.
19. Used in baseball.
21. Exist.
22. A liquid.
24. Wild beast's home.
25. Hind.
26. Word of agreement.
27. One who teaches.

## VERTICAL

1. Slender.
2. Outfit of tools.
3. Tall plant.
4. Negative.
5. Manner of walking.
6. One who is chosen to elect the president.
8. Uncloses again.
12. The baby's napkin.
13. Devour.
18. Disorderly noise.
20. Nickname of a smart boy.
21. A drink.
23. Great Confederate general.
24. To change the color.

## The Woods

BY LAVINA K. GALLIGAN

Fallen leaves of untold years  
Making paths for fleet-foot deer;

Silk-tipped fir and cone-hung pine  
Wedded by the columbine;

Dogwoods nod their flowery heads  
To the yellow violet beds;

Trickling stream, so coolly-clear,  
Over moss, through maidenhair;

Soft-furred squirrels in and out  
Of sturdy, noble, hollowed oak;

Mauve-winged butterflies a-sailing;  
Lady's-slipper, arbutus trailing;

Mountain bluebird, whistling thrush,  
Oriole nest 'neath hawthorn bush;

Listen . . . God is speaking!



## Mother B's Cupboard

Perhaps it's the Campfire Girls you're having over this afternoon or the High School Dramatic Society in the evening, and of course you want to serve them something that "will go right to the spot" and be different from the refreshments that Molly Brown served last time. If "this means you," Mother B hopes the following will meet your needs.

## Rose Leaves

Two eggs, 6 tablespoonfuls shortening, 1 cupful sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful rose extract, and 2 cupfuls flour. Cream the shortening with the sugar, stir in the well beaten eggs, salt, extract, and flour. Chill the dough and roll very thin, using sugar to dust the rolling-pin. Cut with a rose-shaped cutter and bake in greased tins in a moderate oven until slightly brown.

## Deviled Bananas

Two tablespoonfuls shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt, 8 bananas, 1 teaspoonful chopped pickles, a few grains of red pepper. Slice the bananas, mix with them the pepper, salt, and chopped pickles, and put them into the hot shortening. Cook for four minutes and serve.

## Orange and Tomato Salad

Four tomatoes, 4 oranges, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, vinegar, salt, 3 tablespoonfuls melted butter. After peeling the tomatoes and oranges, slice and place in a salad bowl. Mix the juice squeezed from the "tops and bottoms" of the oranges with an equal amount of the vinegar, add the butter and salt to taste. Pour over the fruit and garnish with the parsley.





Dear Beacon Club Members:—A Happy New Year to you all! Catch the Young Fellow while he is young, is my advice, and don't wait till he dies next year—to do for him all the many things you plan!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

225 M St.,  
COLLEGE VIEW, NEB.

Dear Miss Buck:—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School at Lincoln. My teacher's name is Mrs. MacDonald. We have eight children in our class. My sister's name is Ellen. She is ten years old. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. My sister has written to *The Beacon Club* to get a pin. I too would enjoy a pin. My little sister's name is Alice. She is seven years old and in the second grade. Do you think that she is too small to get a pin? I know she would enjoy a pin as much as I do. Please tell me if she is too small. I am glad to join *The Beacon Club*. I hope some one will write to me soon.

Yours truly,  
LOUISE WILSON.

215 W. 4TH ST.,  
TOPEKA, KAN.

Dear Miss Buck:—May I join *The Beacon Club* by writing this letter? I am ten years old and a Cub Scout. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School at Topeka. My teacher's name is Mrs. William J. Burns, the superintendent. I am in the fifth grade of the Harrison School. I would like to have a Cub Scout correspond with me. We had a Halloween party.

Yours truly,  
BILLY BUSH.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to join *The Beacon Club*. I go to the Unitarian church every Sunday. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade in school. My cousin is writing a letter too. We are each sending a story.

Yours truly,  
BELLE MILLER.

7 ELLSWORTH ST.,  
BRAINTREE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of *The Beacon Club*. I am eleven years old and I am in the sixth grade of the Hollis School. My minister's name is Mr. Wilson. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Ellsworth. I have earned four pins and would like to earn my gold one and wear *The Beacon* button too. I like *The Beacon* very much and read it every Sunday.

Yours truly,  
OLIVE DREW DUNHAM.

BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I live in East Boston and I go to Sunday school every Sunday. My grandmother went to the same church that my aunt and uncle and mother go to. So you see I am a truly Unitarian boy. I would like to have a *Beacon* button.

Yours truly,  
RICHARD SCHUTES.

### Beatley Memorial Scholarship

FROM BEACON CONTRIBUTORS

Balance, as reported . . . . .	\$77.10
Junior Alliance, Jamaica Plain, Mass. . . . .	3.00
	<hr/>
	\$80.10

Dear Cubs:—Louise W. Keith has started the new Year right by winning *The Beacon Club* Award for this week.

### THEIR DESTINATION

BY LOUISE W. KEITH  
(Age 12)

There was once a little boy and a little girl who lived in New Hampshire. They both had great imaginations. Their names were Paul and Marie. Marie was a little tot about two years old and Paul was four years old. One day they thought they would run away to Portland, Maine, by boat. This was going to be great fun, they thought.

Marie put on her best white dress, her white socks and black shoes, and her sunbonnet with red dots. Of course she carried her dolly. Paul put on his big yellow straw hat, his white blouse and blue overalls. He carried an umbrella and a large travelling bag.

They went down to the dock. When they got there, they were very much agitated because instead of saying "To Portland, Maine," the sign said, "To Boston, Massachusetts." The boat was coming in, so consequently they had to take it. The porter asked them for some money and they handed him some pieces of paper that they had been playing "store" with. The porter began to laugh and said, "I guess you can pass on that." The children reached Boston and when they got off the boat they wandered around everywhere. They happened to wander to the Boston Common where they saw the tame squirrels and pigeons. They thought them very nice. Dusk soon came and the children laid down on one of the benches and went to sleep. In the morning a policeman was walking through the park and found them. He took them to the Children's Home and from there they were taken home. Thus ended their destination.

### The Owl with a Collar

BY H. H. BOLL



This beautiful bird was among a collection of "African" birds and is called "An American Owl," although it never has been found among collections of American owls.

It has very broad white eye-brows which encircle the eye and are lost in the light chocolate color feathers of the bird's fundamental color, for it has the same brown at the back of the neck, the cloak, and under the tail. The wings end in a border of brilliant white feathers.

The chest is creamy white. The tail underneath is striped with chocolate brown and grayish white, whereas the top of the tail is of the same brown color as the wings.

**Two Sticklers for You!**  
I d a r e d e a l l t h a t d o t h  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18  
b e c o m e a m a n .  
19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 .  
W h o d a r e s d o m o r e  
29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42  
i s n o n e .  
43 44 45 46 47 48 .

Name of a U. S. dirigible.  
Instrument recording temperature.  
It swallowed Jonah.  
Incorporated, or included  
As per bill of fare.  
Queen of Carthage enamored of Æneas.  
A trade-wind.

DENTON BLOOMER.

### THE WHEEL PUZZLE

Arrange the 9 digits on the end of each spoke of the wheel and one in the hub. The sum of the figures at the ends of the spokes will be 40. The sum of the two spokes marked A plus the number in the hub will be 15. The same with B, C, and D. Each spoke plus the hub figure will add 15; i.e., A + A + Hub = 15. B + B + Hub = 15, etc.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12  
TWISTED MOUNTAINS—1. Vosges. 2. Balkan. 3. Cascade. 4. Himalaya. 5. Andes. 6. Ural. 7. Atlas. 8. Apennines.  
ENIGMA—Mary Pickford.  
DOUBLE BEHEADINGS—Small, mall, all.

## Did You Know That— . . . . .

The beak is bluish at the base and ends at the point in yellow. The claws are white. Its eyes are large and dark and the feathers of the collar very white and glossy.

The American Battle Monuments Commission, headed by General Pershing, is undertaking to determine the battle lines of all American units during their service at the front in France, with a view to marking the lines accurately with monuments.  
*The Boston Transcript.*

The son of the German Crown Prince his decided to enter the University of Tübingen instead of going to the alma mater of his grandfather, the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, at Bonn, which is at present in the occupied area. It had been reported that the young lad would enter a Hamburg business house, but "Wilhelm" in the midst of the usual problem of "where to go to school" has elected Tübingen.